What women are doing

WASHINGTON'S LOVE.

Sad Story of His Pretty Young Sweetheart—But for Stupid Pride of Her Father She Might Have Ruled the White House.

She Might Have Been the First Lady.

Hard by the bare stone walls of the oldest insane asylum in America, in Williamsburg, Va., flourishes, according to repute, the only yew tree in these United States. Standing beneath the old yew tree and looking toward the southeast across a rolling meadow watered by flowing springs, one sees almost within hailing distance the mossy roof of a rambling old cottage.

More than a century and a half ago the massive ox-hewn timbers of the wide, low dwelling were erected. And when the master of the cottage, with his family, had once established his lares and penates, there might have been seen at frequent intervals a gallant young cavalier, who was fain to show the paces of his well-bred steed, and, incidentally, of course, his own graceful equitation upon Tazewell avenue.

A ROMANTIC TRUE STORY.

For the owner of the cottage had a daughter!

Now, this young man who visited the cottage across the meadow on Tazewell avenue was Major George Washington. And of his visits there and what befell in consequence, and how the pride of a man and the weakness of a woman changed a nation's history, it is my purpose to tell as it was told to me in the language, one might almost say, of an eye witness.

It is precisely because it is one of those "important trivalities" which history overlooks that it is so well worth the telling. In Williamsburg every child is familiar with the tradition. I had it from a descendant of one of the oldest colonial families a gentleman of the highest reputation. To him his aunt, who died many years ago at a very advanced age, and who knew Gen. Washington well in her girlhood, related this story as a matter of fact of which she had personal knowledge. It is one of those episodes which no woman ever forgets, and my informant recalls how the good lady, his aunt, kept the story for state occasions and derived the greatest satisfaction from the telling of it.

The owner of the cottage on Tazewell avenue, within hail of the old yew tree was a man named Smith. He was a person of some means and much respectability and laid claim to noble descent. He was also held in some favor at the "palace," where the colonial governors kept semi-royal state in those days. Mr. Smith was blessed with a daughter who was one of the reigning beauties of the capital, and for her the proud father cherished matrimonial ambitions.

LOVELY MISS SMITH.

The society of Williamsburg was certainly graced, if not improved, by the addition of numerous young English officers and gentlemen, the younger sons of more or less noble houses, who frequently came to the colony to escape harvesting the crops of wild oats they had sown in the old country. And these aristocratic young scions found the society of the beautiful Miss Smith a thing to be greatly desired, much to the delight and gratification of Mr. Smith.

The young lady, however, seems to have had a very pretty taste of her own, and doubtless saw beneath the surface, for it befell that she passed all the gorgeous young rakes by and bestowed her favors upon a Virginia gentleman of no great fortune or pretentions, though he had already begun to fill the public eye—to wit, George Washington.

It was a real old-fashioned, three-volume love story. As usual, the stern and haughty parent had easily the best of it, for when Major Washington formally applied for permission to pay his addresses to the girl with honorable intent her father taunted him with his poverty, laughed at his social pretentions, and scornfully ordered him out of the house, and forbade all further intercourse with his daughter. The future President had a will of his own, and on his personal motion the episode would not have ended thus ingloriously. He would have arranged an elopement and doubtless carried it off successfully, too, but the girl lacked the courage and independence to take so radical a step, and Washington was compelled to submit to a fate he could not overcome. It was not until he had exhausted every honorable means to possess his sweetheart that Washington rode away and sought to efface her memory in difficult and dangerous enterprises. It is related that on his departure the girl fell ill and well-nigh died of grief and mortification.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS.

Those were busy days and time fled apace. The major was a colonel, a member of the house of burgesses and surveyor general of Virginia.

There was, too, a sweet and stately woman, who day by day in the fashionable season, passed many a pleasant hour upon the rustic seat beneath the yew trees with Washington at her side. She was a widow, now, and her children were sleeping by her husband's side in the graveyard. But she was still young, with a grace and charm which made her the first lady of the land by her right not less than through the exalted position which fate was preparing for her.

Perhaps the very words which gave a mistress to the nation and made George Washington a happy husband were whispered beneath the yew, which had been so discreet a witness to a certain other courtship not so very far away.

Time brought its changes to the people in the cottage, too, and they were not happy ones. For the gallants from over the seas came and flirted and rode away. At last, however, there came another suitor who was in earnest. He was not a lord, nor a son of a lord, but a Virginian. This time the stern parent interposed no objections, and they were married. And this was the worst mistake of all; for the man was a roystering, gaming, drinking blade, who made ducks and drakes of his wife's money and then abused her because the supply was exhausted. It appears that the only good thing he did was to die before he had quite killed the girl and ruined the family.

At last there came a day, the remembrance of which still awakens a thrill of enthusiastic pride in war-worn Williamsburg. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorstown, the American arms were everywhere victorious and the whilom Major Washington was hailed of all men as king and savior of his country. The allied armies returned to Williamsburg to pass the winter and were given a reception commensurate with their deeds and the means at hand. The city was ecstatic and wild with patriotic enthusiasm.

On this occasion Washington did not ride a white horse, but a beautiful thoroughbred chestnut worthy of his master. He was surrounded by a staff of French and American officers, glittering with gold lace and decorations. Rochambeau and Lafayette rode on his either hand. He rode bareheaded through the city, bowing gravely and proudly to the wildly cheering people. As the head of the procession passed down Tazewell avenue on the way to Duke of Gloucester street and the "palace," a pale, slender woman came to the door of cottage and stood with her hands pressed close above her bosom and her tears blurring the wistful eyes, but so eagerly upon the noble, bare-headed figure sitting so masterly upon the dancing chestnut. Washington saw and knew her in one keen glance above the heads of the shouting crowds and, checking his impatient animal, he bowed till his powdered hair mingled with his horse's mane. The woman attempted a courtesy, but nature could bear no more, and, with a gasping sigh, she fainted and was borne within, a hopeless, nervous wreck; while the man whom her father had scornfully turned out of doors rode on to his great destiny, his victorious army at his back, the cheering multitude at his feet.

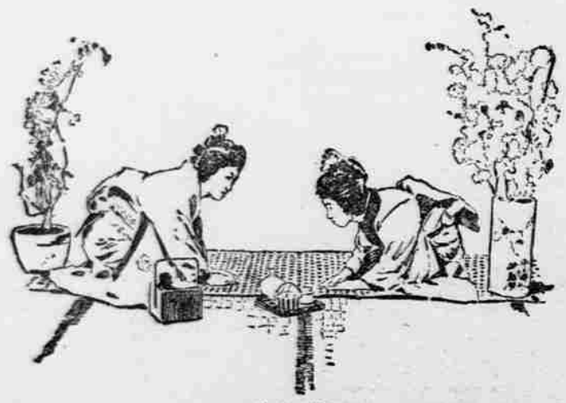
There is little more to tell. The former Miss Smith died soon after Washington's election to the Presidency. Her family removed to Missouri. Here, in later years, a famous Virginian, Nathaniel Beverly Tucker, visited them, and brought back to Williamsburg as his bride Lucy Ann, daughter of Gen. Thomas Smith, U. S. A., who, my informant believes, was a nephew of the woman who did not marry George Washington. JOHN STUART BONNER.

Washington's Triumphal Progress.

Japanese Girl Writing Letter.

TOUGHENING CHINA.

A VERY effectual way of toughening glass or china consists of placing the articles to be toughened in a large kettle of copper (of course folding cloths, etc., around the things to keep them from knocking together), in enough cold water to cover them entirely; bring this water to a boil, let it boil for some time, then lift the pan off the fire, and do not touch its contents till the water is perfectly cold.



A Sainte.

Humble Wives.

Japanese Brides Disciplined for Conjugal Docility.

Yokohama, Feb. 5.—The life of a woman of the middle class is the most striking of the many diferences between America and Japan. Her advent in the world is often heralded several weeks in advance of the event by a gaudy flag from the housetop. On the seventh day after birth her head is shaven and kept partly so until she reaches the age of six. During infancy she makes a pretty picture with her little bald head bobbing about while strapped to the back of her Lilliputian grandmother or elder sister—always someone too old or too young to perform manual labor. Later all outdoors is her playground, and her rope-jumping, battledoor and shuttlecock and romps in the park develop an undersized but well-knit woman.

True to the instincts of nature, the girl is more modest than the boy. She is invariably polite, and knows no such things as disobedience to her elders. Although she may inherit precocity from bright parents, mental development is denied her. Her education is little less than the essential parts of etiquette, poetry, the various lessons of flowers and rigid rules regarding obedience to man. At fourteen she bursts forth a full-blossomed cherry blossom, rosy cheeked, velvety eyes, with the least suspicion of obliqueness and bright as day, yet dark as night.

Like all her sisters she has an olive complexion and beautifully tapered fingers. While her face is pleasant to look upon it denotes little intelligence. Her forehead is too broad and the cheek bones too prominent to meet the requirements of the European idea of beauty. Her teeth are invariably regular and of pearly whiteness.

Becoming accustomed to accepting the topsy-turvy of things Japanese one thinks nothing of blue, that is in Western esthetics is becoming only to blonds, being the universal color for these dainty brunettes. Her dress varies in texture and design according to her station in life. Those who can afford it wear a long flowing kimono of silk or soft-toned crape, which falls in graceful folds to the feet, and is held in place by a cord around the waist. Over the cord and holding it is an enormous sash or "obi," ten inches wide and twelve feet long, wound many times around the waist, and tied in an enormous bow at the back. It is of silk material, woven, with gold thread, and is the woman's chief ornament. When covered by the "haori" or outer winter coat the "obi" is the only defect in an otherwise very becoming garment, for it is apt to give the wearer a hunch-backed appearance.

The trim little body of the Japanese woman has not yet been subjected to the steel stays of her supposedly more civilized Western sister. A thing of beauty while sitting or kneeling, the illusion is dispelled when she walks. With several pounds of wood in her shoes and her toes turned in, all possibility of a graceful carriage is precluded. Her raven black tresses are every few days subjected to a bath of grapeseed oil, and with the assistance of innumerable pins, combs, and wads are formed into several waves and mounds. She sleeps on a wooden pillow, "makora," on which the neck alone rests, and as her nerves are of iron, the hair once dressed has a fresh appearance for several days. The shaving of the cheeks, nose and eyelids are but a part of the hair-dressing process.

Mild flirtations are not one of the pastimes of the Japanese maid. She may go to the theater, flower shows and festivals, but the acquiescent chaperon of America is here superseded by a stern father. Her acquaintances are only of her own sex. She smokes tobacco as generously as an American girl chews gum, but her grace enables her to inhale from a long, slender pipe in a manner that does not strike one as unfeminine. While she is aware that her ways are not your ways, she can discriminate. She sees no impropriety in arranging her toilet, stripped to the waist, before a foreigner. When seen this way she faces a Western stare with modesty. This may not seem an appropriate term to the mind that makes the common mistake of associating modesty more with her raiment than the thought that prompts her expression. But in this case it is.

Affection, position or love of money are little considered in Japanese marriages. The fundamental principle of marriage is a dreadful, deep-seated fear of not having a family and allowing, in this way, the family name to become extinct. Centuries of Buddhism have made the perpetuation of a family name of vital importance, and a man's first duty to his ancestors. No greater misfortunes can befall a couple than to be childless and to avert it marriages are arranged early in life; proving barren a divorce follows, another marriage is arranged, and so on, until the family is of sufficient size to avoid all possibility of such a calamity. An old maid or bachelor is unknown in Japan. The girl has no voice in the matter of selecting a husband, an absurdity largely responsible for the existence of one divorce in every three marriages.

All is arranged by the middleman, or "nakado," whose importance cannot be overestimated. He is not only consulted as to the adaptability of the young people but in turn interviews all the relatives of both as to their preference, carries on the courting, officiates as master-of-ceremonies at the wedding, and finally acts as moderator to all questions of discord between husband and wife.

He is the court of final appeal in all family matters; has power to grant divorce and arrange the settlement of property and all details. He brings the young couple together for the first time, the girl submits to an inspection, a brief conversation follows, and if she proves satisfactory to her future absolute lord and master all is well. If not the man simply leaves. With an engagement there is an exchange of gifts of clothing, flowers, etc.

On the wedding day the girl covers her face with a thick rice paint, rouges her lips and dresses in a garment of white—the mourning color—in order to signify her death to her father's family. All her belongings are sent to her mother-in-law, and, after her departure, the house undergoes a thorough cleaning, another indication that she is no longer of the household.

Formerly the father's parting gift was a short sword, with instructions to the child-wife to use it on herself should she fail to please her husband. The marriage is held in the house of the man's parents, and at sunset the girl is escorted by the "nakado" and changes her white kimono for a colored one provided by the lover.

The house is tastefully decorated with flowers.

The Japanese well understand the charm of simplicity. In all their floral arrangements the individuality of each plant is retained. There are no monstrous bouquets of inharmonious colors. In fact, they were as a nation far advanced in esthetics when our ancestors wore untanned skins and fed on acorns. The lotus, the emblem of purity, is freely used; the pine, emblematic of a faithful heart, and other shrubs and flowers, each with its own significance, are sparingly distributed.

In one corner of the room in which the wedding occurs are two wooden figures dressed as an old man and woman, a rather odd manner of wishing the bride and groom a long life.

The marriage ceremony is most simple. Religion has nothing whatever to do with it, and the law little more. It partakes of the nature of an agreement, and can be terminated by joint consent. The bridegroom is seen kneeling alone at one side of the room, where he is joined by the bride, "nakado," and members of the immediate families. They kneel facing each other, and the bridegroom hands the bride a cup of "saki," a mild rice wine, from which she sips and returns to him. Nine times these toasts are drunk to the accompaniment of string music from an adjoining room, and their meaning is that henceforth the husband and wife—for they are now legally married—will drink from the same cup, whether it be of adversity or prosperity. The wedding party is now joined by the relatives and a banquet follows.

The guests departed, the bridal chamber is sought, and again cups are emptied, the husband this time being served by the bride, who makes many low obeisances and otherwise indicates her belief in her husband's superiority. It is the beginning of a life of servitude, for from now on the husband's power is supreme. No osculation is indulged in and there are no terms of endearment.

Instead of wearing a ring as a sign of marriage vows, the woman makes herself as hideous and unattractive to other men as possible. This is easily done by blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows—a mediaeval institution now rapidly going out of practice and only done by those who least need it.

She also changes her coiffure and style of her dress as an indication of marriage.

The honeymoon of a Japanese bride is the most unhappy period of her life. Custom wills that she become the slave not only to caprice of her husband, but to an exacting mother-in-law as well. After the birth of her first child, especially if it be a boy, conditions change somewhat and she receives a degree of consideration.

Until recently the husband could at will divorce himself. He had but to report to the "nakado" that the wife was ill-tempered, barren, jealous, immoral, disobedient, too talkative, or, in fact, almost anything that met with his disapproval.

Concubinage was seldom made grounds for divorce by the woman. She could, however, declare herself divorced as freely as he, but by so doing she lost all claim to social recognition, as well as her home and her children. Statistics show that but one-fourth of the divorces originate with women. A law enacted in 1893 brings the divorce law into close conformity with European usages. Even before then divorces were confined almost exclusively to the middle and lower classes.

Not until old age does woman come into the free reward for her many years of hardship and patience. Her declining years are called the "Go-Inkio-Suma," and during them every comfort the family purse can provide is given her.

While her lot is the least degraded of all Asiatic women, it is still a pitiable one, and made more conspicuous by the civilization that surrounds it.

From childhood she is taught perfect obedience, first to father, then to husband and husband's parents; and when widowed, to a son. Considered an inferior being, she is taken into little account outside of household matters. Although tender, gentle and womanly, there is no romantic homage for her, nor are her smiles ever man's incentive to the performance of valiant deeds. But with Japan's rapid progress in other lines the emancipation of woman is bound to follow.

One of Japan's proverbs reads: "Not to know is to be a Buddha." "Ignorance is bliss," expresses the same thought to us. In it is the secret of the contentment plainly depicted on the faces of the women here. She has prescribed privileges, and demands no rights. At present in her childish ways she is the picture of sweet submission. Of her Chamberlain quotes the following comparison, evidently from some one under the spell: "How sweet the Japanese woman is. All the possibilities of the race for goodness seems to be concentrated in her. It shakes one's faith in some Occidental doctrines. If this be the result of suppression and oppression, then these are not altogether bad. On the other hand, how diamond hard the character of the American woman becomes under the idolatry of which she is the object. In the eternal order of things which is the higher being, the childish, confiding, sweet Japanese girl or the superb, calculating, penetrating Occidental Circe of our more artificial society, with her enormous power for evil and her limited capacity for good. Sweetness and gentle nature go far to cast the lotus spell upon those who journey to the shores of the Dai Nippon."

LOUIS. G. STEVENSON.

It Needs a Heat Application.

Disappointed Reporter—But don't you think the article would do if I should boil it down?

Managing Editor—No, I am quite sure it wouldn't; but I should try the action of heat on it in another way, if I were you. —Somerville Journal.

HER PET DOG.

DO you like dog stories? I am not sure, but I know you like bonnet stories, and if you have a very unpathetic husband who cannot tell whether you are wearing a new hat or an old, I fancy you will envy this woman the possession of so observing and interesting a canine. Please don't think I mean to suggest any affinity between the unsympathetic husband and the dog! Here is the story. An English woman tells a story of the wonderful sagacity of her pet dog.

He learned that she had two bonnets—one which she wore about the neighborhood and a more elaborate one, called into use when she went into town. The dog always fretted when his mistress was gone to the city, but seemed comparatively reconciled if she bade him a tender farewell. One day she disappeared without the dog noticing her departure for nearly an hour. When he finally missed her his distress was unbounded, and finally he ran up to her room, where sat the two bonnet boxes. Knocking the lid off the first, he found the commoner chapeau missing, while in the second box reposed the elaborate visiting bonnet, donned only for an extended stay in the city. At the sight of this condition of affairs the wise little canine's anxiety immediately disappeared and he wailed calmly until his mistress returned from her short call in the neighborhood.—Boston Journal.

ARISTOCRACY OF CHEESE.

ARISTOCRACIES in different places and ages have prided themselves on many different things. One of the queerest, perhaps, is the aristocracy according to cheeses, which according to the Neue Zuricher Zeitung, prevails among the patricians of Zermatt. The aristocracy of families is valued by the number and age of the families who possess cheeses made at the time of the French Revolution.

When a child is born a cheese is manufactured, which is then called by the name of the child. It is partly eaten when its namesake gets married, each wedding guest tasting a portion. The cheese is then put away again, and finally cut into and finished at the funeral of the person whose name it bears. When a young man woos a maiden he begs to be allowed to dine with her family on a Sunday. His offer being accepted the lovers wait anxiously to see whether the girl's father will cause the cheese to be set on the table. At the end of the long meal, if all goes well, the master of the house solemnly fetches the cheese bearing the would-be bride's name, sets it on the table, cuts it, and gives a piece to the young couple. When they have eaten it they are a betrothed pair. The others at the table partake of the cheese and drink to the eternal friendship of the two families.—London Daily News.

PREPER PRETTY PRINCESSES.

BEAUTY is shown to be no more or less regarded in a princess than in an ordinary mortal when matrimony comes to the front.

The marriage of the third daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg recently was a case in point. This pretty girl was only seventeen when she became a bride, and her two elder sisters were likewise very young when married. This is merely pointed out as a contrast to the manner in which the daughters of the Prince of Wales have clung to the parent stem, although now the Princess Maud has become engaged, and the only one already married went outside the royal houses for a husband. But, then, the children of the Duke of Edinburg, are all remarkably handsome, while those of the heir-apparent to England's throne are as noticeably ugly.

Their heavy, thick-featured faces, with bad teeth and dull complexion, are the greatest contrast to the bright, well set up young girls on their uncle's side of the house. And the pretty princesses, like the pretty commoners, have been the ones to marry young.

THE NURSERY FLOOR.

WIDE divergence of opinion exists as to the propriety of covering the nursery floor with a carpet. It has its advantages as a preventer of bumps and bruises, especially if thickly padded underneath. All things being equal, a very thick, well-laid carpet is the best. The perfection of arrangements in this line was reached by a woman who had the floor covered with cocoa matting and over this a good quality of Brussels carpet. The carpet was tacked down very tightly and stretched to its utmost capacity. The broom never entered the nursery for regular work; the carpet sweeper and a damp cloth took up all of the surface dust and the other worked through the carpet, and thence down through the matting to the floor. Once in two or three weeks the furniture was taken out, the windows opened and a most thorough sweeping and beating of the carpet took place. Between times no dust was raised in the room. The carpet was wiped off with a cloth at least every other day, and all of the woodwork was wiped instead of being dusted.—New York Ledger.

This Parson Was Liberal.

Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter has made himself very unpopular with Jim Webster. He was passing the house of Jim Webster when the proprietor called him in.

"Come, parson, and hab a piece ob cake and a glass ob wine. Dis heah am my buffday."

The reverend gentleman accepted the invitation. There was a large uncut cake on the table and the clergyman was urged to cut it.

"Whar shall I cut it?" he asked, taking up the knife and looking at the cake in a bewildered sort of way.

"You kin jess cut hit whareber you pleases, parson."

"Which? Say dat ober onct moah."

"Jess cut it whareber you sees fit, parson."

A smile lit up the dusky features of the humble toiler in the Lord's vineyard, and he remarked, fervently:

"I'se much obleeged to yer, Jeems. I b'leeve de bes' place to carve dis heah am in de seclusion ob my house," and, wrapping up the entire cake in a newspaper, he carried it off under his arm.—Texas Siftings.

BELLES AS COOKS.

Unique Alfresco Entertainments for the Coming Summer.

Swells Are Building Venezuelan Stores On Their Lawns and Will Prepare Some Wonderful Feasts for their Guests.

An odor of fresh cake in the air, a delightful array of pans, kettles and pipkins!

It's a cooking fete, and everyone is in it. That is, all the younger feminine members of the "400," and they are practicing the gentle art of bread making as though no thoughts of Delmonico luncheons, cotillion favors or Paris gowns ever entered their heads. In fact, all these young women are in dead earnest in their desire to master the intricacies of cooking.

"Talk of writing an ode, or composing a symphony!" one young girl was overheard to exclaim the other day, "it is nothing, mere child's play, compared to becoming initiated into the mysteries of yeast and its apparent total depravity upon occasions."

Through sunshine, rain and snow she has gone twice a week to her class for two winters, and her friends sometimes feel like quoting a line from "The Deserted Village" apropos the vast amount of her knowledge and the wonder that one small head can contain it all. Not superficially, but really deeply and scientifically has she gone into the subject.

The members of the class are among the best known and most popular girls in society:. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, her cousins, the Misses Shepard, and Miss Emily Sloane, Miss Choate, Miss Satterlee, Miss Marian Fish, Miss Ethel De Forest, Miss Frances Brayton Ives, Miss Elsie Clews, Miss Livingston, the Misses Nora and Fannie Iselin, Miss Robb, Miss Helen De Peyster and Miss Beatrice Bend.

And the result of all this culinary knowledge?

Simply the most ideal al fresco entertainments at Lenox, Newport and Bar Harbor, where these young ladies and charming girls will show their friends not only what delightful hostesses they are, but how well they can concoct a dejeuner a la fonchette.

These feasts, cooked and presided over by young society girls, are going to be the attractive feature of the summer, because they will be functions altogether out of the ordinary social routine.

Old oaks, linden and beeches form the background; a smooth, velvety lawn the scene of the entertained—a breakfast or a luncheon. The hostess of the day, Miss Vanderbilt, perhaps, at Newport, or Miss Emily Sloane at Lenox, attended by some of her comrades of the cooking class, is arranged in the most coquettish of chef's cap; a long white apron nearly covers her pale, forget-me-not blue dress of fine dimity.

One's first dinner party is nothing nearly as exciting an event, nor to be mistress of herself, though China fall, half as trying a position as that of the maiden who gives a luncheon of her own planning and cooking to a bevy of her own particular friends, and not only her own friends, but her brother's friends, who have spent the morning on the golf links or come in from a long run on their wheels. They are not as critical, perhaps, as the feminine portion of the party, but they bring robust appetites to the feast, and the young hostess, very flushed as to her cheeks, feels more than a flutter or two of anxiety as she bends over the glowing brazier or Venezuela stove, which has been imported from the banks of the Amazon to do service upon these occasions.

Nothing could be more picturesque than this tropical stove, built up of brick, with the glowing charcoal in its various compartments, placed, of course, somewhat apart from the scene of the feast and flanked upon either side by glowing palms, that it may appear in its natural surroundings.

The busy cook and hostess divides her attention between the bouillon, slowly simmering at the north, and the ragout doing to a turn at the south, of the Venezuelan stove, with untold delicacies and dainties between.

The feast is served at small tables placed here and there, and each a dream of beauty in crystal and china and flowers, not much silver being used, as a rule, for outdoor entertainments; it is too heavy, it takes away from the affair that sylvan, wild-wood character, which is its chief charm.

One table is all in mignonette with garlands of these flowers, tied with pale green ribbon, suspended from the edge of the table and a wreath of the flowers laid about the center-piece, which is a pineapple upon a cut-glass dish. The semblance of a pineapple only, which, when opened at the end of the feast, by one who understands its secrets, displays to view most delightful little souvenirs in silver or gold, for each guest.

Upon another table, bedecked with sweet-peas, another counterfeit presentment of fruit—a melon—yields a rich harvest of gifts, parma violets with grapes as large and luscious as those of Eshcolon, and gay ribbons galore make another table lovely to look upon.

And all this has been planned, by one maiden assisted by a few friends, who act only under her orders. That a function of this description promises to be a tremendous success no one can doubt.

Youth, beauty, wealth, a two years' course at a cooking school and a diploma—with such a combination could not one conquer the world, to say nothing of preparing an appetizing feast in the wild woods?

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

ART IN THE NURSERY.

A VERY enterprising mother has a unique day nursery for her children. The floor is covered with a thick, warm carpet, over which is spread a linen crash. The cover is taken up and sent to the laundry every week. The room is not so overcrowded as to tire the eye. Each of the three children has a side of the wall for her own, on which she pastes pictures, cut from the art journals and magazines.

"This teaches them grouping and develops their artistic taste," she says.

"Anyway, they are more contented and keep the other part of the house cleaner, since I have adopted this plan, and they know they can litter up this room as much as they like.

"Just try to sew or make preserves or do any of the things with which a woman occupies her time, and see if the room looks like no one had entered it after you get through.

"Their play is just as serious to them as our work is to us, and why should not one room in the house be set aside for them, and where they may do anything they like short of making a bonfire in the middle of the floor?"

Pretty Fashionable Chefs.

When Her Work Is Done.

George Washington and Martha Custis.